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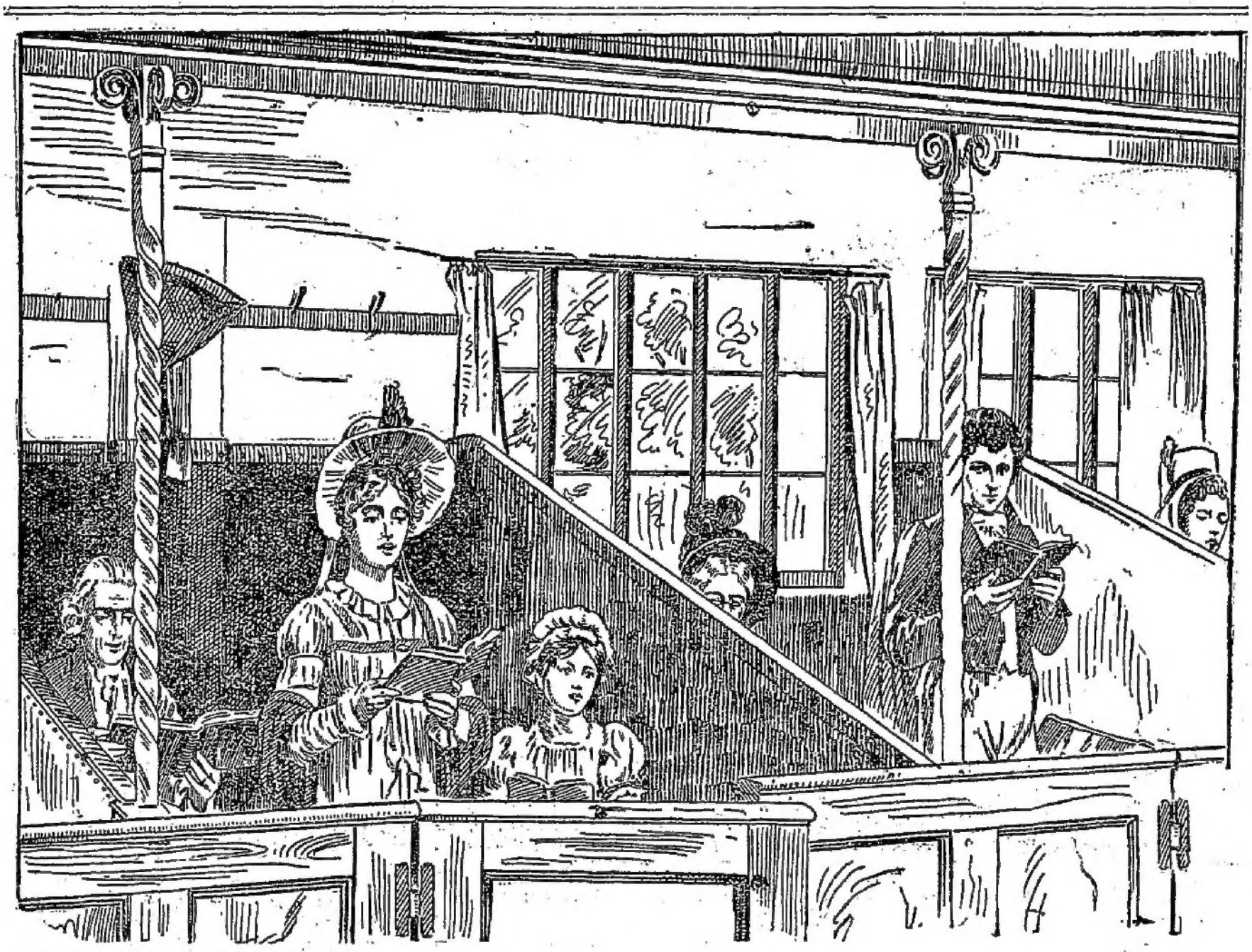


From the picture by E. Blair Leighton.

AN ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE OLD DAYS

Two Child Martyrs of Shansi

(By Mrs. Saunders, in 'China's Millions.')

I have been asked to tell you a little about our dear Jessie (one of the child martyrs in Shansi) who is now in heaven. She was born in China on April 12, 1893, and was always a bright, healthy child. I do not remember her being in bed a single day because of illness. She was very fond of animals, and dearly loved a donkey-ride; she would ride quite fearlessly through a Chinese city. With the native Christians she was a great favorite; she seemed always to see the bright side of life, and was so loving and lovable.

Very early she learned to love Jesus, and was fond of hymns and Bible stories. She especially liked me to repeat that hymn commencing—

'Jesus, who lived above the sky,'

and always seemed so sorry that Jesus had suffered so much for us. She would sometimes say, 'When I see him I will look for the marks of the nails in his hands and feet.'

She liked to talk of his return, and looked for it in a most natural way. We were expecting to take her and George—her younger brother—to Chefoo this spring, and, to her loving nature, the thought of leaving home was not easy. One day we overheard her say to her brother, 'Perhaps we won't go to Chefoo, Jesus may come before then.'

On another day, when talking about the same subject—the return of the Lord—the children said, 'When we hear the trumpet sound in the sky, we will run in very fast so that we may all go together.' Jessie was always ready for a Bible story, and liked especially to hear of Jesus rising from the dead. Her life in China, with her brother George, and her two little sisters, Nellie and Isabel, was a very happy one.

She was fond of sitting by my side on the 'K'ang' or brick-bed, while I talked to the Chinese women about Jesus and his love. Often when we passed people in the street she would say, 'Do you think they have heard of Jesus?'

But the time came when our happy home was to be broken up. Oh! it was so sudden and unexpected! On June 26, 1900, we had passed the day much as usual; I had been busy preparing apricot jam for our winter use; after the children's tea they had their romp as usual and their bath, after which we always liked to have a hymn and a little reading before they went to sleep. That evening the portion in 'Peep of Day' was, 'The Crucifixion of our Lord,' and when I left our darlings in bed, Jessie was still looking at the picture of Jesus on the cross.

In the cool of the evening, Miss Guthrie, Mr. Jennings, my husband and myself were sitting in our churchyard, when our native helper came to tell us that wicked men were burning our house and preaching shop in the city. Knowing that they might next come to our house in the suburb, we went inside and prayed to God for guidance; we knew we were in his hands—'a very safe place to be at all times.' These were the closing words in the last letter of Mr. Wm. Cooper to us. While on our knees, the crowd came and began throwing stones, etc., into our courtyard; so, quickly taking the children from their beds, where they were so peacefully sleeping, we escaped by another gate, and, going up a long country road, we reached another gate of the city and went to the Mandarin. He said he could do nothing for us, and advised us to leave the city quietly at daybreak, which we did. This was the beginning of a long, long journey, full of weariness and peril.

Dear Jessie often cheered us by her simple faith. She would remind us Jesus was on before. One day we were in an inn and were attacked by a band of 'Boxers,' who treated us badly; we prayed, and Jessie would say, 'Keep on praying, mother.' I said to her, 'Darling, let us all pray in our

hearts; we are so tired.' But she said, 'Mother, just one more,' and after that prayer the crowd left the inn-yard. How the dear child's eyes glistened as she said, 'Jesus has sent them away!' When on the road we were robbed of everything, including most of our clothes, and as we went on with our bare, blistered feet in the burning sun, with no covering for our heads, we were treated very cruelly. Stoned and beaten, often hungry and thirsty, and for several nights sleeping on the bare ground in the open air, it was so comforting to know she did not think harshly of these poor people who were treating us so. She would say: 'If they loved Jesus they would not do this'; and so many times she reminded us that Jesus was hungry and had no place to lay his head. When our clothes were taken away she said: 'They took Jesus's clothes when they put him on the Cross'; and again, when one day we were lodged in a place where animals were fed, as we put the children into the stone manger and I was fanning Jessie, who was very weak, she looked up so sweetly and said: 'Jesus was born in a place like this,' and the thought seemed to help her very much.

She often spoke of the native Christians, mentioning them by name, and expressing the hope that they were not being hurt or killed. After we had been a month on our journey our sweet baby, Isabel, was taken by the Good Shepherd to heaven; she had been so patient and passed away so peacefully, we could only rejoice for her that she was safe for evermore. A week later Jessie joined her little sister. She was tired and worn out, but also very patient, though the last few days she would often say, 'Mother, I do want a comfortable place.' Jesus heard her cry, and took her to that beautiful place prepared for her—what a lovely change from our awful surroundings to his own presence!

Though we miss our darlings very sorely, we must not wish them back, they are still our little girlies; George and Nellie often say, 'We are still four, two in heaven and two on earth.' When Jesus comes, and 'the time will not be long,' he will bring them with him, I. Thess. iv., 14. When Jessie was asked whom she loved best, she would answer 'Jesus.' Dear friends, whom do you love best. Jesus loves you; he died for you, and is now in heaven preparing a place for you; he is coming again. Will you be ready when Jesus comes? Are you doing anything for him?

How the Bible Entered Rome

(By the Rev. John H. Eager, D.D.)

It happened just twenty-nine years ago. For centuries the Pope had been master of Rome, and hence the Bible was an almost unknown book within its walls. Thousands of people had never seen a copy, and judging from the anathemas that had been hurled against the book and against those who were engaged in its circulation, they must have been content to have it so.

My old Roman teacher once informed me that the baggage of all foreigners was examined at the gates of Rome in order that no Bibles might enter the city. But this criminal espionage could not last forever. The walls of Rome were not high enough, nor the gates strong enough to keep out the Word of God. The time came when Victor Emmanuel, with his conquering army, appeared before the gates of the Eternal City, and on Sept. 20, 1870, a breach was made in the wall at Porta Pia. Papal Rome fell, and the temporal power of the Pope passed away, as Italian patriots believe, forever. Pius IX. shut himself up in the Vatican, his magnificent palace of eleven thousand rooms, which ever after has been called the Pope's prison. There he died and there his successor has remained to this day.

Victor Emmanuel was received with great enthusiasm, and liberty of speech and worship were at once proclaimed in Rome, a privilege to which the city had been a stranger for many long, weary years. A shout of relief and enthusiasm went up from the whole city. When it was proclaimed the capital of United Italy, the dream of Italian patriots seemed at last realized, and many rejoiced in that day that they had been counted worthy to shed their blood for such a cause. An Italian gentleman once said to me: 'In view of all the adverse circumstances, the unification of modern Italy is the greatest miracle of our times.' All this was but preliminary work that the Bible might enter Rome, and the Gospel might be preached freely throughout the land. The Word of God was precious or scarce in Italy in those days, and the people were perishing for lack of knowledge.

The first colporteur who entered the city of Rome is still living in Florence, where I have often seen and conversed with him about his unique experience. He had joined the army on its way to Rome, and when the troops marched in, he entered with them. The king and his army had swords and rifles and cannon, but the colporteur had only a little dog-cart filled with Bibles. The king and his army had secured political freedom for the city, and now it remained for the colporteur and his Bibles to secure spiritual freedom. That dog-cart with its strange merchandise was an object of no little curiosity, and soon the people gathered about it, anxious to see that Protestant book which so many Popes had proscribed and anathematized. His little cargo was soon exhausted, and a fresh supply was ordered from Florence. Many bought the book out of mere curiosity, and not a few doubtless took a copy simply because it was a proof to themselves that they could now do as they pleased without fear of the dreadful Inquisition. Some found in it words of wisdom and salvation, and its precious promises became the chiefest joy of their life. Many others besides this colporteur brought or sent Bibles into Rome, and I was told that by the end of 1871 not less that sixty thousand copies, in whole or in part, had been distributed in the city. These Bibles created a desire to hear the Gospel, and it was not long before halls were opened and many were gathering to hear about this new doctrine. Since then not less than a dozen churches have been organized, and much faithful work has been done. The Protestant community has grown to such proportions that the municipal authorities have recently given them a large new cemetery of their own. Public opinion has been no little modified concerning Protestants and Protestantism. Of one zealous worker in Rome, a member of Parliament was heard to say: 'That man is more valuable to this city than a dozen policemen.'

Concerning the Bible in Rome we may very properly adopt the famous saying of Victor Emmanuel, which burst from his lips as he for the first time stood within the walls of the Eternal City: 'Ci siamo e ci staremo,' 'Here we are and here we shall remain.' An open Bible and the Pope cannot always remain together. The Pope may go, but the Bible will remain.—'Baptist Union.'

The 'Messenger' Crusaders.

(To the Editor and Readers of the 'Northern Messenger.')

One hundred and ten letters have been written in reply to those who wished to join our Crusade. More than that number of names have been sent out, as frequently several were asked for. In such a number, it is possible some one may have not received a reply. At times I was uncertain about the correct address sent me, so if there is any one who has written to me and to whom I have failed to reply will they kindly drop me a card. Again, if any one is not satisfied with the address sent to them I will be glad to change it.

There were a number who requested that their names should not be published so I concluded that perhaps it would be more satisfactory if no names were given in the 'Northern Messenger' of the Crusaders.

I wish to thank all who have so kindly responded to the call for papers for the French work. Outside of Montreal a 'Northern Messenger' can be mailed direct from the office for 30 cents. To mail it to a place in Montreal it costs 82 cents. I have a list of the names of French children who read English and will gladly wecome a 'Northern Messenger.' Should any one desire to enlist in this most useful mission by the press I will order the paper for them and mail them the name on receipt of 32 cents.

Westmount, Que., is a residential part of Montreal, so it is quite easy for me to attend to this for you. I hope that all those who have received a reply to their letters will be faithful in sending out their papers, careful to parcel them neatly in wrapping paper, address them clearly, and pay full postage. Don't forget the full postage! Miss Dunhill also requests that her address be written on the parcel of papers as well as on the wrappers. She has received papers with the wrappers torn almost off and sometimes the postage is short and this adds extra expense to her. A number have written me telling me that their papers were going regularly. I wish you would all keep count of the number of the pages you send them. At the end of the year we could have a grand summing up of our forces. It is to be hoped that every volunteer will keep steadily on in action. Canada has already helped to strengthen and encourage the whole Empire by her grit in South Africa, now let us see what our 'Northern Messengers' can do to cement home and foreign relations for the King of Kings and our Great Commander. Some day, who knows, we may have our own 'Messenger' contingent in South Africa, too, helping to bring peace and good will when the cruel war of shot and shell is over.

Faithfully yours,

M. E. COLE.

112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE LETTER TO TITUS.

June 23, Sun.—Grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour.

June 24, Mon.—Unto the pure all things are pure.

June 25, Tues.—Speak thou the things that become sound doctrine.

June 26, Wed.—Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

June 27, Thur.—Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.

June 28, Fri.—Speak evil of no man.

June 29, Sat.—Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Addie Armstrong's Piece

('Youth's Companion.')

'Please, teacher, Addie Armstrong wants to speak a piece on examination day.'

Miss Dixon looked over the head of Addie Armstrong's little spokeswoman to Addie herself, stunted, high-shouldered, swarthy—blushing darkly now.

'Would you like to speak a piece, Addie?'

'Yes'm, if—I could. I never did,' hesitated Addie, in the voice which reminded one of the 'rough, gruff voice of the big, huge bear' in the story.

'Then you shall,' said Miss Dixon, recklessly cutting off retreat by the barrier of her word. 'Come to-night, after school, and I'll read it to you.'

'Yes'm!' Addie tiptoed away on air, and besought every girl in school not to tell that she was going to have a piece. She had been an inmate of Number Eight four years, and had reached that point in the school journey, borne on the shoulders of classes crowding up from below.

Her last teacher had said, 'Logarithms or long division will be all the same to Addie, and if it will make her happy to go in at the north door instead of the south, and to hang her hat in Closet Eight instead of Seven, why shouldn't she? There is more room there!'

Because the pressure weakened at this point, Addie was stranded. Classes came and went, but Addie stayed. Every promotion day saw a despairing girl blurring her exercises with hot tears, but the beginning of the next term never failed to find her hopefully buzzing away at Lesson I. again.

She studied hard all day. She studied all the evening, tucking her book under her pillow at night, that she might begin again with the daylight. Annie, three years older, would sometimes 'see if she could say it' then. Perhaps she could, for she had some ability to remember words. But when the day of written examinations came, and her little stock of knowledge was tried and sifted by 'questions not in the book,' she wrote out, in a precise hand, the wildest statements, the most chaotic jumble of words that were ever appraised by a marking teacher. The small percentage allowed for neatness would never tide her into Number Nine.

And yet what a dear, helpful child she was, how ready to run on an errand, to water the window-garden, to manage the blinds, to lend a pin or a pencil! On stormy days how efficiently she buttoned and tied up weather-proof the precocious youngsters who grinned at her derisively in classtime, but took their bumped heads and bruised fingers straight to her at recess!

So when Addie made her trembling request, her teacher gladly granted it, although she had reserved the last recitation for a graceful, silver-voiced scholar.

'Silvia has been speaking ever since she was four years old, and is really a little spoiled,' she reflected. 'It will be as good for her to be silent, for once, as for Addie to speak.'

At four o'clock Addie's brown face looked over the dictionary.

'Yes, I remember, Addie. It is to be a flower afternoon, because it is June. Ada has "Little White Lily;" Emma, "Buttercups and Daisies;" May, "The Strawberry Blossom," and so on. This is about the rose, and you may carry some roses. Listen:—

The lily has an air—'

Here a little boy brought Miss Dixon a note from the principal.

'I must attend to this at once. Come

'I KNOW MY PIECE.'

Monday night, Addie, and I will try again.' Miss Dixon hurried away.

On Monday night Addie did come to the desk, squared her toes to a crack in the platform, and clasped her hands behind her.

'I know my piece,' she said. 'I can say it all.'

'O dear child, did you take the paper home? I meant to read it to you before you looked at it. Let me hear you, then.'

'HELEN CLOSED HER MOUTH.'

In deep tones, and with perfectly impartial stress, Addie recited:

'The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet pea a way,
And the heartsease a face—
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows Christina Rozzity over.'

'Wh-a-t? Oh, I see! But that is nonsense. Christina Rossetti is the name of the writer, and I wrote the word "over" to remind myself of a note on the other side. See—"There's nothing like the rose when she blows"—blossoms, you know—bursts from a tight little bud into a great, fragrant, velvety flower. Now we'll try it again.'

The teacher read the words slowly, and with strong emphasis.

'Now, Addie,' and Addie panted through, as before.

'Oh, hush!' and the teacher went through it all, line by line. But what Addie had learned, she had learned. She drew a long breath at each trial, and brought all her force to the task, but once started, she was like a bounding, jerking, ungovernable little locomotive on a down grade.

Then Miss Dixon realized the situation. She had given her word to Addie, and could not disappoint the child. It would take every minute of the time before examination to drill her into a proper rendering of the poem, and there were forty-nine other children to work and plan for. She looked despairingly over the lingerers, waiting for dismissal, until her eye fell on Helen Kirtland.

Helen was the only daughter of Mr. Kirtland the lawyer; a dark-haired, blue-eyed, slender girl, with force and shrewdness and impishness in her pale face—a restless creature and a leader among the schoolgirls, whom she led too often into forbidden ways. There were days when Miss Dixon felt that she herself had 'very little influence with the administration'—days when a general perversity filled the air. It would end at last in a little heap of penitent notes on Miss Dixon's desk, and the air would be clear again.

But the whim-controlled disturbing force was likely to awaken at any time. It seemed very likely to awaken now, for Helen had a grievance. Could she not hear above her the thump of brooms, the tinkle of pails and the joyous clatter of the girls who were permitted to put the store-chamber in order?

No one could paddle and sweep with such ardor as Helen, and here she was, cut off from the rare privilege 'just because she was sick last week,' as she said, with a scornful lip. It was Monday now. She sat maliciously enjoying Addie's blunders, and bracing herself against any possible 'good talk' from the teacher. Miss Dixon read her face, but she was desperate.

'Helen,' she said, 'Addie has never had a piece before, and you see that she needs a great deal of help before she can recite properly. I have not the time. You are our best reader. Will you go with her to the small recitation-room and drill her for half an hour?'

Helen's sympathies were quick, and she was not sullen. Then the authority of the position appealed to her.

'Yes'm,' she said, cordially, 'May we lock the door?'

'Here is my key. Please read the poem first. I want to see what your ideas are.'

Helen read it with perfect feeling and emphasis.

'See if you can make Addie do as well.'

Helen smiled at Addie and Addie smiled back, and the girls went off together very happily.

'I hope that isn't too ideal to work well,' breathed Miss Dixon, as she went to un-

tangle Johnny Wheeler's ideas. Half an hour later she rapped at the door of the recitation-room.

Helen opened the door cautiously, handed Miss Dixon a chair, and returned with dignity to her place at the blackboard, where she had written the poem. Every word requiring stress was in orange letters and three times as large as the context. Line by line, with vigorous rapping of the embellished words, she was drilling her patient pupil.

'The lily has an air—'

'No!' Rap, rap!

'The "lily" has an "air,"
'The "lily" has an "air,"'

rumbled the echo, and so on. Addie was certainly gaining; but when she reached 'Christina Rozzity' Helen caught her round the neck and closed her mouth.

'I mean to stop her before she gets so far,' she explained. 'After a while perhaps she'll get in the habit, and stop herself.'

It seemed rather improbable, but Miss Dixon had to approve Helen's zeal and ingenuity.

'It's lovely fun, isn't it, Addie? May we come here every day?'

'Yes, indeed, Helen. I shall be very glad. Keep the key, and practice when you like.'

Next morning Helen gave a superior glance at the little scrub-woman as she and Addie went away together. They worked at recess, at noon, at night, and when Miss Dixon came to note their progress, Helen cried joyfully: 'She has said

'The "lily" has an "air,"

the first time trying, and I don't have to choke her any more at the end. She bears down too hard, but she stops if I just jump up and down and rap the blackboard.'

'Perhaps to-morrow she will stop if you only jump up and down,' said Miss Dixon, hopefully. 'It's a little bad for the blackboard, you know.'

Things went well in Number Eight that week, for Helen had an outlet for her energies, and was in her happiest humor. In season and out of season she drilled the delighted Addie, who could not have too much of her 'piece.'

Step by step the proper rendering was worn into Addie's brain, and there came a day when she stopped before reaching 'Christina Rozzity' by clapping her own hand over her mouth. The gesture was not graceful, and as she left her voice suspended, the listener's interest was projected beyond the sudden stop; but there seemed reason to hope that the danger, and not 'Christina Rozzity,' would 'blow over.' After a while she omitted the gesture and added the falling inflection.

Then Helen was confident enough to pin a rose under Addie's chin, and to invite a handful of girls to a dress rehearsal. Alas! the little locomotive glowed and swayed and jumped the switch, and rushed headlong upon 'Christina Rozzity!'

Helen shook Addie, turned the audience out in a twinkling, and sat down and thought, with her head between her elbows. Addie waited, her dark eyes full of half-comprehending penitence, like those of a scolded dog.

'Don't cry, Addie,' said Helen, at last. 'You'll do it right to-morrow. You must!'

Addie went home, and Helen went to Miss Dixon. 'I was as sure!' she said, 'and now I can't be again. Nobody knows what she will do!'

'Could we make it up to her? Would it break her heart to give up?'

'O Miss Dixon, you don't know! She doesn't think of anything else. All her folks are coming the last day, and all her cousins, and her sister, who is a dressmaker in Boston, has come home for a vacation to make Addie a new white dress. And her aunt in Lynn, who comes every fall, is coming now instead, so as to hear Addie speak. Her father has bought her some lovely white shoes, and her aunt is going to curl her hair. It would almost kill Addie to give up now!'

'Well, Helen, do you dare to take the chances for your pupil?'

'Yes'm. I think I've just thought of a way. Won't you please not ask me, but let me do things a little different. Maybe you wouldn't like it beforehand, but you'd be glad when it was over.'

This was encouraging, and Miss Dixon considered. Young though she was, Helen was of the number of those who carry their enterprises through, and her past efforts deserved some reward.

'Very well, Helen. I am going to trust the matter to your energy and good taste.

'WITH A BOW IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN DRILLED.'

You will do what can be done, and if we fail, we fail. I leave Addie to you.'

'Yes'm. Thank you.'

The drill was renewed, and there was a dress rehearsal every day, of which the select audience was requested to say nothing, and did so with much giggling. On approaching the schoolhouse Miss Dixon often heard the scholars' voices in the last music lesson, a gay little song about 'Roses, roses,' but this was nothing unusual.

Examination day came at last, ending all preparations. The room was bright with June flowers and young faces, the platform crowded with

Pa-rents and friends
Whom heaven sends.

as the song of welcome put it.

The girls' side was a flutter of pink and white and baby blue. The boys, in fresh shirt-waists and plaid ties, were no less attractive, and the behavior of both comported with their outward appearance. They read in concert 'The Defiance of Marmion' with tremendous energy, and if Billy Riley, in his excitement, did say

'Let the p-p-pillow-case fall,'

everybody knew he meant 'portcullis.'

They went through their arithmetic problems with an elaborateness of explanation that confused their parents; they traced unheard-of rivers to their remote sources, and through it all they 'spoke up' to a degree that gave their gleanings in the fields of knowledge to all their visitors.

'The past, at least, is secure,' thought Miss Dixon, as she called for the flower exercise, and saw the rows of Armstrongs rustle and turn. The little maidens were every one as sweet as the blossoms whose praises they recited. Last of all came Addie, new frock, slippers and curls, flushed and happy. Helen was pale, and she slipped into the seat before the organ—'to be near Addie?' wondered Miss Dixon.

'The lily has an air,' (Yes.')
'And the snowdrop a grace,' ('Good!)
'And the sweet pea a way,
And the heartsease a face—
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she' ('Oh, will she?') 'blows.'

But no one ever certainly knew, for sharply after she pronounced the word 'blows,' Helen struck some resounding chords, which she had practiced with diligence almost as great as that she had given to Addie's training, and the school broke promptly into the gay little rose song, and sang it with a will.

While they sang, Jimmy Devling drew a basket from behind the organ, and handed it to Addie with a bow in which he had been drilled.

What was in the basket? Why, roses—Jacqueminots and all sorts of catalogue roses from the Kirtland grounds, cinnamon roses from Addie's home, damask, cabbage, sweetbriar and old-fashioned white roses from every yard in the village.

Addie trotted about with the flowers until the minister, the committeeman, the teacher, every parent and friend and every child had one, and then there was a small knot marked for Addie herself.

Everybody clapped. You would have thought that some inkling of the situation had reached the audience, and that they were relieved, too, but how could that be?

The minister and the committeeman made appreciative remarks, the parents and friends whispered praise, and after school Addie was showered with congratulations, which she accepted with honest delight.

'And she's going home to tea with me,' said Helen, with a little confidential smile, in response to something which Miss Dixon whispered.

That was a great day, and its triumph helped Addie through the bitterness of promotion-time.

It was not a last appearance, either. The new class regarded Addie with deep respect and often begged for 'Addie's piece' on Friday afternoons. The entire performance also became a favorite play with her younger brothers and sisters, whom Addie was always glad to gratify. And her fame endured for years afterward. When Miss Dixon revisited Spinningville, a brown-faced little girl said to her:

'My Aunt Addie used to go to school to you. She was a pretty famous speaker, wasn't she?'—Frances Allen.

Take Kindly.

Take kindly all that is kindly meant,
Be first to thank, be last to resent:
Give smiles to all who give smiles to thee,
And those who come frowning, feign not to see.
And O! believe me this is the plan
To lighten, to brighten, the lot of man.
—'Waif.'

The Letter-Box.

(By René Bazin. Translated by H. Twitchell, in 'The Outlook.')

No words could convey an adequate idea of the atmosphere of peace which enveloped the country priest of whom I am to write. His parish was small, fairly moral, comfortably off, and accustomed to the ways of the old curate who had presided over it for thirty years.

The village ended with the rectory. Beyond this, meadows sloped gently away to the river, and from them in summer rose the songs of birds mingled with the perfume of growing plants. Just beyond the house was a garden, bordering the meadows. The first rays of the sun fell upon it, the last ones also.

One could find cherries there by the month of May, and gooseberries much earlier; while a week before the Assumption, usually, one could not pass within a hundred yards of the spot without breathing the heavy perfume of ripening melons.

Now, the curate of Saint Philemon was by no means a gourmand; he had reached the age when the appetite is only a remembrance. His back was bent, his face wrinkled, one of his little gray eyes was sightless behind his great round glasses, and one ear was so deaf that he had to turn about and present the other when any one addressed him on the wrong side.

It was not he who ate the fruits of his orchard; lawless urchins stole their share, and the birds took theirs. Blackbirds feasted there the year round, singing their loudest in payment; orioles, birds of passage, assisted them during the weeks of greatest abundance; sparrows clamored for their rights, and tomtits—a prolific, greedy species—clung, back downwards, to the branches, turning, climbing, pecking a grape here and a pear there—genuine marauders, offering as a recompense their cries, shrill as the rasping of a saw.

Old age had made the priest indulgent even to them. 'Brutes never correct their faults,' he said; 'if I were to condemn them on that account, how many of my parishioners should I not have to condemn for the same reason!' He contented himself, therefore, with clapping his hands on entering his garden, so as not to have to be the witness of too outrageous depredations.

There would then be a general uprising of wings, as if all the blossoms around, broken off by a strong wind, had begun to fly—gray, white, yellow, and red. Peace followed for five minutes. But the silence was so great in this little village, where no sound of industry or traffic was heard, that if the repentance of these feathered vandals had continued, the abbé would surely have fallen asleep over his breviary.

Fortunately, the return was prompt; a bold sparrow would lead the way, followed by a blue jay, and soon the whole band of robbers were again at work. The abbé could then pass and repass, open and close his book, muttering, 'They will not leave a thing this year!' it made no difference; not a bird paid the slightest attention to him.

Birds know very well that those who are in sympathy with them will show themselves indulgent. Every spring they nested around the rectory in greater numbers than anywhere else. The best places were all quickly taken—hollows in the trees, holes in the walls, three-branched forks in the apple and pear trees; and one could even see brown bills like sword-points protruding from bunches of hay filling every available spot on the roof.

One year, every desirable place being occupied, I suppose, a tomtit spied the slit under the slanting board covering the letter-box placed at the right of the entry to the presbytery. It slipped inside, came out apparently satisfied with the results of the exploration, and at once set about building a nest in the newly discovered region, forgetting nothing that would make it warm—feathers, wool, hair, and even bits of lichens from the old trees.

One morning Philomène, the housekeeper, rushed angrily out into the garden, with a paper in her hands. She met the curate strolling under an archway of laurel-trees.

'Look at this paper, monsieur! See how dirty it is! They are a pretty lot!'

'Who, Philomène!'

'Why, those miserable birds you allow around here. They will be nesting in your soup-bowls next.'

'I have only one.'

'They have even had the impudence to hang a nest inside your letter-box. I opened it because the postman rang, and that doesn't happen every day. It was full of hay, hair, threads, feathers of every kind, and in the centre was a thing I never saw before, hissing like a viper!'

The priest began to laugh, like a grandfather when he is told of the pranks of a favorite grandchild.

'It must be the coal tomtit,' he replied. 'Nothing else would devise such a scheme. Above all, don't meddle with it, Philomène.'

'No danger of that; it isn't such a beautiful object!' replied the old woman, disdainfully.

The abbé hastened away across the garden, through the house, down the walk to the gateway which shut in the presbytery, and, with a careful hand, half-opened the box, which would have held the annual correspondence of the whole village.

He was right. The cone-shaped nest, its color, the composition of its woof, and its transparent lining, confirmed the conjecture of the delighted old man. He listened to the hissing of the invisible mother, then said:

'Never fear, little one! I understand your case; twenty-one days of incubation and three weeks for raising your family are what you want. You shall have them; I shall take the key away, so that you will not be disturbed.'

He did so, in fact. After he had made his morning rounds in the parish, he thought again of the tomtit, that it might possibly be disturbed by the arrival of some mail, that a letter might be dropped in upon it during the brooding period.

The event was not very probable, as letters were rare in the parish. Still, as the holiday of Saint Robert was nearing, the priest thought it would be prudent to write these words to the three remaining friends death had left to him: 'Do not send me any holiday greeting this year. It would be disagreeable for me to recive a letter just at present. Later I will explain, and you will understand my reasons.'

The friends thought his eyesight had failed him, so they did not write.

During the whole three weeks of incubation the curate did not pass through the gateway once without thinking of the little eggs dotted with red lying there so close to him. When the twenty-second day arrived he bent over and listened, his ear against the opening of the box; then stood up, exclaiming gleefully:

'They are chirping, Philomène! they are chirping! Now, there are some things that owe their lives to me; they shall not regret it, nor I either!'

Meanwhile, in the green parlor of his palace, in the capital of the department, the Bishop of the canton was deliberating with his advisers over appointments he was about to make. After having made some provisions, he expressed himself thus:

'Messieurs, I have a candidate in every way suitable for the living of X——; but it seems to me fitting to at least offer this charge and honor to one of our oldest clergymen, the curate of Saint Philemon. He will not accept it, doubtless; his modesty not less than his age will prevent him from doing so; but by making the offer we shall have rendered all possible homage to his worthiness.'

The five were unanimous in their approval of this course of action, and that very evening a letter was despatched from the palace signed by the Bishop and containing this postscript: 'Reply at once, my dear abbé, or rather come to see me, as I shall have to send in my appointments within three days.'

The letter reached Saint Philemon on the very day of the hatching of the tomtits. The postman with difficulty thrust it into the slit of the box; it dropped to the bottom, where it lay like a white floor on a dark chamber.

The time at last came when the blue, blood-filled tubes on the wings of the nestlings were adorned with down. Fourteen little tomtits, peeping, tumbling about on their soft claws, stretching their mouths open to the widest extent, waited for the morsels from the mother-bird, ate them, digested them, and clamored for more. This was the first period of life, before the dawn of intelligence. With birds it is of short duration. Soon there were quarrels in the nest, and it began to yield to the assaults of little wings; then there were falls over its edges, excursions along the side of the box, and long stations near the entrance of the cavern through which entered light and air from the outside world.

Stationed a distance away, the curate witnessed this garden party with extreme pleasure. On seeing the little ones come out from under the slanting board two and three together, fly off, return, pass inside, then out again, like bees from a hive, he thought: 'Their infancy is over, and a good start is made; they are fledged now.'

The following day, during the hour of leisure after dinner, he repaired to the box, key in hand. 'Toc, toc,' he rapped. There was no reply. 'I thought so,' he murmured. He then opened the box, and, with the débris of the nest, the letter fell out into his hand.

'Great heavens!' he exclaimed, recognizing the seal and the writing. 'A letter from Monseigneur, and in what a condition! and how old!'

He grew pale as he read it.

'Philomène, hitch up Robin at once,' he called out.

Before obeying, the old servant came out to see what had happened.

'What is it, monsieur?' she asked.

'The Bishop has been expecting me for three weeks.'

'That time can never be made up,' replied the old woman, curtly.

The absence lasted until the following

afternoon. When the priest returned, he was very calm; but calmness is sometimes the result of an effort, and one has to struggle to maintain it.

By the time he had unhitched Robin, fed him his oats, changed his cassock, and emptied a box of some little purchases made during his trip, it was the hour when the birds in the branches were chatting over the events of the day. It had been raining, and drops of water fell from the leaves shaken by bohemian couples seeking a good resting place for the night.

On seeing their master and friend coming down the sandy walk, they flew out and circled around, making an unusual amount of noise, and the tomtits, the fourteen nestlings, scantily fledged as yet, made their first attempts at spirals around the pear-trees, and tried their voices for the first time in the open air.

The curate watched them with a paternal eye and the melancholy tenderness with which we often regard those who have cost us dear.

'Well, my little ones,' he said at last, 'but for me you would not be here, and but for you I should be priest of the canton. I do not regret anything, mind you, only do not be so insistent; your gratitude is too noisy.'

As he spoke he clapped his hands impatiently.

He never had been ambitious, and he spoke the truth now. Still, the next day, after a night of disturbed sleep, while chatting with Philomène, he remarked:

'If the tomtit comes back next year, let me know. It is troublesome, decidedly so.'

But the tomtit never came again; neither did the letter bearing the stamp of the Bishop's seal.

Like a Man

(By Eva Jones, in the 'Union Signal.')

Jack and Fred, cousins and cronies, had been doing a splendid morning's fishing in one of the loveliest, shadiest nooks along Rocky Run, and now, with keen, boyish appetites, were devouring the good lunch their mothers had put up, along with one of the fish they had just been broiling.

'Prime, isn't it?' said Jack. 'Pretty happy old world, any way,' stretching himself along the grass, his lunch finished, 'full of good times if you only know just how to take them.'

'You and I have little cause to complain, I'm sure,' said Fred, 'only sometimes, when I see other boys and their fathers, I wish mine could have lived.' For Fred and Jack were sons each of a widowed mother, John and Ferdinand Brownell having established homes side by side in the pretty town of Milford, only to go on to their better home before their only sons were fairly old enough to realize a father's help and care.

A little bit of silence, and then Fred continued. 'We're both in our teens now, and going through school a-flying, and before we know it we'll be grown-ups, sure enough. I hope when we come to be men that we can be as successful at what we want to do as we have been this morning fishing,' with a satisfied glance at the shining basketful.

They did not know that another fisherman, Dr. Jameson, one of their best and most admired friends, and the superintendent of the Sunday-school which they attended, had also come to Rocky Run this morning, and was just settling himself comfortably for a half hour of sport on the other side of the ledge and big clump of alders which hid him from their view, and he had as little idea of their presence—when, after full five minutes of still thinking, Jack said,—

'Yes, men we'll soon be and a real one I'm going to strike out for. Fred, now solemn truth and no fooling, do you believe that women know so very exactly always about what goes to make a manly man? For instance, there's mother—best mother in the world—I believe sometimes fairly wishes I were a girl. And if I were, I would not doubt but she could tell me just how to be the very nicest kind of a woman, for she is one herself. But you see I'm to be a man, and she has never just been there, and I can't take her for a copy then, and how should she know always just all about it? Now she is afraid I shall some time or other smoke cigars. But, Fred, look at the notion. Women don't smoke, and of course they look at it from their point of view. But men, the great majority of them, do.

'The handsomest, healthiest looking and most popular men in town nearly all smoke, more or less,' Jack went on. 'I've heard some of them say that it's almost awkward not to, the social practice of smoking together is so common. Some folks pretend to hate the smell of it, but I don't. I'm sure I could learn to smoke in no time at all, only mother begs me not. But some time I'm about decided I will, after a bit, when I've had plenty of time to explain the other view to mother. Why, the other day, in one of the campaign books of last year, a biography of President McKinley, I read that he did more hard, continuous, mental labor, at certain times in his senatorial work, than almost any one, sleeping but very little out of the twenty-four hours, and that he was only enabled to do it by the help of his cigars, keeping a box by his side, and having one in his mouth almost constantly. Now, I mean to be a lawyer or a doctor some time, I've not quite decided which, and about all the lawyers we know smoke, and seem to find no harm in it, and a good many of the doctors.

'And doctors, now,' Jack wasn't preaching, he was just lying on his back and thinking out loud, as he often did, when he had so dear and good a listener as Fred to encourage him. Jack had heard Fred on this subject before, and was answering, one after another, arguments he had heard Fred make. 'And doctors, now—they, of course, know what's healthy and unhealthy better than any one else, and see how many of them smoke. And as for its being morally wrong, why, at the camp-meeting we went to this very summer, there were actually ministers, men of prominence there, who smoked, and there are plenty of church members in most any church who use tobacco in one form or another. Women, of course, don't want to smoke. They're women, and that settles it. I would not have Bess smoke any more than mother would, but—well, I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to. If Dr. Jameson, splendid, successful and good in judgment as he is, smokes, I'm not going to be afraid to try it, and see what help and pleasure there is in it. I shall take Dr. Jameson as my pattern. Of course there are plenty of worthless, low down men who use tobacco, and maybe half kill themselves with it, but so they eat bread and butter and pie and cake if they can get it, and sometimes make pigs of themselves, but I guess men like Dr. Jameson don't copy after them. If the low-lived truck alone used it, that would settle the question for me. But as it is, I'll risk trusting such examples as President McKinley and Dr. Jameson. Now, Fred, isn't that reasonable?'

Fred, who had done some wiser thinking, urged how General Grant and the Emperor Frederick, with many less celebrated men, had died of tobacco cancer, and how insurance companies would not insure a man with 'tobacco heart,' how poisonous nicotine is, how selfish one grows using it, how insensible and indifferent to the disgust of others, and how even good men might make mistakes.

But Jack said, 'Very good theory, but I'm sure such a man as Dr. Jameson would not go straight on setting the example to us boys and running the risk of injury to himself if some of these charges against tobacco were not overstated. He has tried it, and he must know, and if it were not more pleasant and good than it is dangerous, he would drop it. It stands to reason. No, when he condemns it, I'll believe it.'

And what was the 'man who must know' on the other side of the alder clump doing all this time? Not much fishing, I assure you. For you must know, in spite of his cigars, he was a Christian. At one time in Jack's talk he had been upon the point of hurrying away in shame before he should be discovered and made to face what he always termed his 'unfortunate weakness.' But curiosity and real regard for the boys had held him, and now brought him with rapid strides around the intervening rock and bushes and into the presence of the astonished boys.

'Jack, Fred, my dear fellows, I never thought of you or of any boys looking at it in this way. It seemed to me that you could all see the truth, that I was weakly yielding to a bad habit which I myself regret and disapprove, though I have not often said so, for one does not like to condemn himself. And to think I have done the very best that I could to make smokers of all the boys in this town, and especially in our Sunday-school. Boys, will you forgive me, and will you sign a pledge with me, God helping us, never to touch the poison weed? For it is a filthy poison, and plenty of men who know better go on being slaves to it, started in the practice, perhaps, by the example of just such miserable weaklings as Dr. Jamison. Jack, it is not any sweeter or healthier or handsomer for a man to smoke than for a woman, and the physical and mental effect on either is the same, of course, or would be if women were fools enough to smoke to any extent. All the help that one gets by stimulation of that kind costs him dear in the long run, as most old users can testify. And the money gone for this indulgence! Boys, if I had my tobacco money that has been spent worse than uselessly in the last twenty years, it would put you both through college, or build that church needed in India that we were so interested in last Sunday, or buy a library for our little city and build a place to put it in. But, boys, I've smoked it up, to my shame, and the injury of any who are likely to follow my example. Help me, boys, to undo this last part of the evil result all you can.'

And the next Sabbath, Dr. Jamison made a little talk to the Sunday-school they will always remember and honor him for. And mothers, sisters and fathers now are glad to have their boys say, 'I'm going to be a man

like Dr. Jamison,' for Dr. Jamison now always remebers that he is responsible for the example he is setting.

The 'Tenth' Box.

(By Eugenia D. Bigham, in 'Children's Visitor.'

Five boys mounted the stairs in Lew Epps's elegant home in a manner dignified enough to suit the scholarly Mr. Epps himself. Somehow boys never bounded three steps at a time up the staircase in his house. But once in Lew's own room, the five were more natural. Of course Lew was one of the five. He at once opened a trunk and took up a small white-pine box several inches square. It seemed new, and was empty.

'Just as I thought! it's the identical thing for the tenth box,' he said, putting it on the table and moving books and papers out of the way. Then the boy who was famous for writing a beautiful hand sat down and drew the box to him, the others lounging against the table, watching him. Under a few artistic flourishes he wrote the words:

Tenth Box.

Sacred to us Five:

Lew, Pason, Joe, Reid, and Giles.

A few more flourishes beneath the words made the whole a thing of beauty in the eyes of the boys, and each took a hand in fastening down the lid of the box with brass tacks. Pason cut a slit under the last flourish, making the box hint strongly of a child's bank.

'Well, one month from to-day, you'll know where to find it,' Lew said, putting it carefully in the tray of the trunk. Lew did everything carefully, also neatly, being very like his father.

This happened in New Orleans in 1877, about a year before one of the yellow fever scourges, which have desolated that city. The scourge of 1878 was long, and made fearful havoc among the homes of the city, causing hundreds of unwritten histories as pathetic as real. When the fever was finally pronounced extinct and the harassed people were trying to resume daily business, only one of the five boys was living: Pason Peers. He had struggled to partial health after a severe attack of the fever.

One evening in early December he sat quite still looking at a ruddy glow in the grate and listening to the steady fall of rain. His algebra was open on a table near him, and a half-finished problem had lost fascination for him. In fact, he was not even conscious of his wherabouts, so absorbed was he in thought. For the time he was a dweller in the past, memory making bygone scenes graphic.

'I'd do a good deal to gain possession of the tenth box,' he said to himself. 'I know the fellows would want it used now of all times; but how to get at it is the question. Poor Mr. Epps! poor old man! He was crying like any woman when I saw him at Lew's grave yesterday. Wonder if I could do a single thing to cheer him? It must be terrible for him in that big house with only servants. Perhaps he would like it if I should call to see him. He would at least know that I remember he is Lew's father and feel sorry for him; and then, if the way opens up, I could explain to him about the box. He does not understand it, I know. After I tell him my responsibility in the matter will be at an end. I wish Lew need not have died. Curious—he died; I lived.'

The result of Pason's thoughts concerning Mr. Epps was that the next evening he dressed with the utmost care and then went to Mr. Epps's home. He was not accustomed to making friendly calls on elderly, very dignified gentlemen, and he felt strangely unnerved as he waited in the large room to which a servant had conducted him. He tried to reason himself into self-possession, but perhaps it is altogether natural that he was awkward and stiff when he finally found himself shaking hands with Mr. Epps in Lew's old room. He had not dreamed of being received in Lew's room, for he had not heard that the heartbroken father spent the greater part of his time there. He had meant to put all the sympathy he could into his hand clasp, but he felt painfully conscious that he had failed, and he sat down wishing that everything about him were not so suggestive of Lew.

The clear eyes of the old man seemed to measure the boy, and his very first sentence put Pason somewhat at ease. 'I am singularly glad to see you, my boy,' he said, 'I am sure kindly sympathy has brought you. I have been wishing you would come. You are the first of Lew's particular friends to show me the attention.'

Pason glanced up, his face flushed and grave. All of them think of you, sir. I know,' he said. Then he added: 'Lew never did have a half-hearted friend.'

'No; for he was not a half-hearted friend,' the old man responded cherfully.

Perhaps the greater part of an hour passed while the two talked almost eagerly of the absent one. Pason was thinking of leaving, having decided not to mention the box—at that time, anyhow—when Mr. Epps suddenly said:—'My boy, if you will be so kind, I should like for you to tell me without reserve about a certain box I have found among Lew's things. Your name is on it.' As he spoke he went to Lew's trunk and took out the familiar tenth box. Resuming his seat, he rested the box on his knees, regarding it thoughtfully. 'It says: "Sacred to us Five,"' he said. 'Now if there is any reason why you should not explain to me, don't do it. I can trust you.'

'There is no reason; I want to tell you about it,' Pason said, sure interest in his voice.

Mr. Epps looked relieved. 'Where are these other boys?' he asked hesitatingly.

'They are—dead,' Pason answered.

'Pitiful! pitiful!' said the old man. 'Now tell me about the box.'

Pason resolutely swallowed a sigh, for it seemed a pitiful truth to him that the other boys were all gone beyond recall. Trying to speak brightly, he said: 'It was a plan of Lew's, sir—and a good plan. He always led us boys into good ways. One Sunday he heard Mr. Shannon—you know he is our Sunday-school superintendent—tell about making a vow when he was fifteen to give a tenth of his money to God. It impressed Lew, and he kept at us boys until he persuaded four of us to help him prove the plan—that is, he joined us in a vow to give one-tenth of every dime we should have during one year. After that time we could keep it up or discontinue it, as each decided for himself. He thought an honest trial of the plan would prove its worth.'

'Then is the money in this box Lew's tenth?'

'No; you see Lew was treasurer, for we decided to hoard the amounts until the year should be out. Each boy brought his portion at the end of each month and slipped it through the slit. No boy ever knew another's contribution.

'Why was that?' asked Mr. Epps.

'Because we were not all alike rich, and we felt that the better plan was the one we followed. Yet we all knew that God would pay as much attention to one boy's portion as to another's provided each gave willingly and exactly.'

'I think he would,' Mr. Epps said musingly. 'But what were you to do with the money? Is the year up?'

'We meant to give the money to Mr. Shannon to use as he thought best. Yes; the year is gone, almost six weeks ago.'

'Some of the boys died with it, no doubt,' the old man said, sad questioning in his tone.

'Yes, sir, Lew died the very day it was finished,' Pason answered with hesitancy. 'Joe died a few weeks before, and Reid and Giles a few days after.'

Mr. Epps touched the box gently. 'I shall give it over to you to-morrow,' he said. 'First, I have some money to put in it—the tenth of a legacy left my boy by his mother. I will have to go to the bank to arrange about it. The day Lew died he tried several times to tell me something, but because of his sufferings and my grief I failed to make sense out of his disjointed words. I thought he was delirious. It is clear to me now; he kept on trying to tell me about his mother and his money and a tenth part of something. To quiet him, I told him I would see to it, and I will. He thought the plan good, else he would not have wanted to increase his gifts. I think you ought to decide about the purpose for which the contents of this box shall be used. Have you any plan in view?'

'None, unless to give the money to some of the fever sufferers,' Pason answered. 'What do you advise, Mr. Epps,'

'I think it would be well to give the box and its history to Mr. Shannon. He is Chairman of the Relief Committee in our branch of the Church, you know, and will be able to use the money to the best advantage.'

'That is the very plan,' said Pason. 'All the boys would like it. I am so glad we saved our tenth money, for now it can surely do good.'

'It surely can,' Mr. Epps responded; 'but as a general rule it would be better to give as one has it. For instance, you boys must have refrained from helping on any Church or charitable work for a whole year.'

'That is so,' said Pason; 'and the other boys are not here to know the good their offerings will do.'

'Do you mean to continue giving one-tenth of your money to God?' Mr. Epps asked.

'Yes, sir; all my life,' Pason said emphatically, glad to see approval on the face of the old gentlemen.

The next day, after Mr. Shannon had listened to the history of the tenth box and had received it, he sat for a long time looking at it as it rested unopened on his office desk. 'Its existence comes of my influence,' he said to himself. 'God help us! for we are continually exerting some kind of influence, though we know it not at the time.' Then he examined the small box with touches almost reverential, and made ready to pry up the brass tacks which the boys had hammered in with such sure skill. Finally he lifted the lid and put it aside, beholding with quiet pleasure the cheque and the coins thus laid bare.

I know that the cheque was for $1,000, for Lew's mother had left him $10,000; but as for the rest of the money I have no clue. Mr. Shannon respected the words, 'Sacred to us five,' which a boyish hand had written on the lid of the box. He used the money wisely, and I happen to know that the blessings it bestowed are bright memories up to this very day.

Mr. Epps asked for the little box, and it was only last week that I saw it in his aged hands. It is said that he himself learned a beautiful truth from the history of the box, the poor bearing witness.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Little Shopkeepers.

Bessie and Nelly Black had a whole long summer day before them. Their mother had gone from home and left them in charge of Mary, an older sister, and they were to amuse themselves as they liked, for, being Saturday, there was no school to go to nor any lessons to learn.

I would have liked you to see the house these children lived in. It was so quiet and restful-looking, with its wide windows round which the jessamine climbed and clustered. Then there was the great garden, with its broad, grassy walk ending in the pretty summer-house overhung with large shady trees. Indeed it was a children's paradise.

But at this time the question was, 'What should they do?' It was too hot to play at ball, or skipping-ropes, or run races, or, indeed, do anything but lie on the grass, and you can easily understand that Bessie and Nelly were far too active for that.

'Come,' said Bessie, 'we'll go in and ask Mary what we should do.'

Mary was busy darning a heap of stockings, but she could attend to her little sisters, too.

'Well,' she said, 'when I was like you, I used to play at keeping shop. How would that do?'

'Oh, how nice!' cried both the children in a breath. 'But how do you do it?'

'Why,' said Mary, 'you must first have what people call premises.'

'How funny,' said Nelly, 'What are premises?'

'I know,' said Bessie, 'it just means a shop.'

'Quite right,' said Mary, 'Now, where will your shop be? Suppose you take the summer-house.'

'The very thing,' said Nelly.

'Then,' continued Mary, 'you must get goods to sell. You will need sugar and tea and flour and candy and nuts, and I don't know what all.'

The eyes of both the little girls were sparkling with excitement as the various articles were enumerated.

'But, Mary, where shall we get all these?' said Bessie.

'Oh,' said Mary, 'currant leaves minced small will do for tea, and a handful of sand will make famous sugar, and a stalk of rhubarb chopped down will be nuts, and so on; you must just look about you for what will suit best, and through it all make believe very much.'

And they did make believe very much, but before long they had gathered a very respectable stock-in-trade.

But you will wonder how they managed to weigh and measure their goods. Well, I'm coming to that. Mary had foreseen the difficulty, and with nimble fingers had cut a piece of cardboard into circular pieces and sewed strips of the same material round them, which, when suspended to a bit of smooth stick, by three pieces of fine cord of equal length and at equal distances from each other, made a capital pair of scales, Then a few small stones were quite the thing for weights. And so our little friends were quickly prepared to enter on a large business. The 'premises' were roomy and cool, and the goods, you will allow, were at least fresh.

And now they began to wonder who was to buy. But what was their delight to see the garden gate open and a whole troop of cousins come in. They all entered into the play with great zest, and buying and selling went on with spirit and much acceptance to both parties, till one of the group, — a big boy— came in and bustled about, inspecting everything with great minuteness.

'I say, you little beggars,' he cried, 'have you no wine? I want a bottle of your best wine.'

At this, Bessie came forward quite indignantly.

'Cousin Will,' she said, 'we are not beggars, we are shopkeepers, and we have no wine. I know Mary would not like us to have wine. She says it is a bad thing, and only does people harm.'

'Oh, you dear little puss,' cried Will, 'don't be so upset. It was only a joke, and we all think alike about wine. I'll take a ton of nuts, however, if you please.'

Bessie was quite pacified, and they all felt that the shop had been a great success.

Mrs. Black returned by and by, and Mary had a nice tea ready, which they all enjoyed greatly, Bessie telling with much appreciation the joke Cousin Will had played off on her.—'The Adviser.'

ARCHIE'S WHITE MICE.

Cousin Archie came in to tea the other day, and brought a parcel with him. What do you think it was? A cage with two white mice in it. They could do all kinds of tricks, and seemed to know just what he said to them.

'Do you not think it is cruel to keep them in a cage, Archie?' I asked. 'No,' he said, 'because they have never been wild, and I feed them well, and keep them nice and clean, and so I think they are happy. If I let them go they might be killed by a cat, or caught in a trap.' —'Our Little Dots.'

A Faithful Boy.

One night the keeper of the lighthouse on a rocky coast was taken ill and was unable to attend

the light. The machinery became disordered and the light failed to revolve. A storm swept the dangerous coast, and the keeper's boy, a mere lad, climbed up to the lamp and during all the long hours of the stormy night turned the lantern with his own hands. In the morning it was learned that two vessels, with seven hundred souls on board, had been able to make the harbor by the aid of the revolving light that had been kept in motion by the often tired but ever vigilant boy. Unconsciously the faithful boy had been the means of saving hundreds of lives, and all because he kept the light where it could be seen. It has been said, 'The stars do not shout; they only shine.' Any Christian, however obscure, can be a light to those around him, and thus attract and guide men to a harbor of peace. 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven.'—'Little Folks' Paper.'

What Will You Do for Others?

(A Missionary Exercise, Requiring Six Scholars.)

First Child—

What would you do if you had bread,—
Yes, plenty of bread to spare,—
And some poor children, ready to starve,
Should ask for a little share?

All (Chorus)—

We would give, gladly give, unto those in need,
And the poor and the hungry would haste to feed.

Second Child—

What would you do if in your hand
You carried a healing cup,
And all around you the sick and sad,
In pitiful pain looked up?

All (Chorus)—

We would give, gladly give, unto those in need,
If the sick and the suffering for help should plead.

Third Child—

What would you do if you were rich,
And if you were strong and wise,
While others near you were weak and poor,
With no one to help them rise?

All (Chorus)—

We would give, gladly give, unto those in need,
We would help all the lowly, the weak would lead.

Fourth Child—

What will you do? for you have bread,—
The bread of life,—and to spare,
There are millions who need what you have now;
How much for them do you care?

Fifth Child —

What will you do? You have each a chance,
Though not very rich or great,
There are heathen at home and heathen abroad;
For what you can give they wait.

Sixth Child—

What will you do? Will you give what you have
And do what you can to-day?
What will you do? for they die so fast,
You must not, dare, not, delay.

All (Chorus)—

We will give, freely give, unto those in need,
The command of the Saviour we'll gladly heed.

The six then repeat in concert: 'Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."'—Julia H. Johnston, in Westminster Quarterly.

How George Ran Away.

The story that Alice was reading was 'Whittington and His Cat.' Little George thought it rather hard when his mamma asked him to put it by to do something for her. I am afraid he was naughty; for all the time he kept thinking how nice it would be to do just as he pleased. After awhile he said, 'Mamma, I think I'll run away.'

'I don't understand you, dear,' she said.

'Well, I don't like to be bothered,' he said, 'and I want to be like Whittington.'

'Very well, you may go if you are not happy in your home,' replied the mother. 'I will help you to get ready. You need not run away.'

Then she tied some of his clothes in a large handkerchief, and put the bundle on a stick, over his shoulder, like the picture of Whittington. She kissed him good-bye when she opened the street door for him. George looked pretty solemn as he went down the steps. In a minute he went back and rang the bell. Mary let him in, and he ran to his mamma's room.

'May I sleep on the back porch to-night?' he asked. His lips trembled a little.

'No, dear; your papa doesn't like to have tramps sleeping on the porch,' she replied.

'Then can I stay in the stable with John?'

'O no! You had better run away at once, a long way off, where you can do as you please.'

Poor George was in tears now.

'O mamma, mamma,' he cried, throwing himself in her arms, 'I do love you so, and I don't want to run away. I hate to do as I please. May I come home again to live?'

'Dear little boy! Mamma is glad you have learned your lesson with so little heartache,' answered the mother, as she took her sobbing boy in her loving arms.

George never wanted to run away again.—C. Emma Chaney.

Remember the Sabbath Day.

Some Europeans in New Zealand had engaged natives to accompany them on a journey and carry their luggage. The Sabbath overtook them; the Europeans wished to proceed, but the natives said, 'No; it is the Sabbath, and we must rest.'

The travellers went forth without their native attendants, and refused to pay them, when they had accomplished the journey with the luggage, because they would not travel on the Sabbath.

The natives enquired, 'What are we to do with the law of God?' and received for answer, 'What have we to do with the law of God? What is that to us?'

One of the natives retorted by saying,' You have much to do with that law. Were it not for the law of God we should not have exercised the forbearance we have on your refusal to give us payment. We should have robbed you, and taken all you possessed, and sent you about your business. You have that much to do with the law of God.'

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 30.

Review.

THE APPEARANCES OF CHRIST AFTER HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

Read I. Corinthians xv., 1-58.

Golden Text.

'God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by his own power.'—I. Cor. vi., 14.

Suggestions.

(Lesson I.—Luke xxiv., 1-12.)

Why did the women go to the sepulchre early in the morning ?
Whom did they see there ?
What did the angels say to them ?
Who told the apostles that Jesus had risen from the dead ? Did they believe ?
Who ran to the sepulchre to see if it was true ?
Did the apostles' unbelief make any difference to the fact of the Resurrection ?

(Lesson II.—John xx., 11-18.)

To whom did the risen Saviour first appear ?
Did she recognize him at once ? What did he say to her ?
What did she say when she turned and saw Jesus ?
What message did our Lord send to his disciples ?

(Lesson III.—Luke xxiv., 13-35.)

Who walked with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus ? Of what were they speaking ?
Does the Lord Jesus walk beside us and listen to our conversation ?
What did he talk to them about ?

(Lesson IV.—John xx., 19-29.)

When did Jesus first show himself to the company of disciples after the resurrection ?
How did he greet them ?
Were the disciples glad to see him ?
What did he say to them ?
Who was not present at that time ?
What did he say about believing ?
Did Jesus dispel his doubts ? How ?
What did our Lord say about those who would believe without seeing ?
Do you believe on Jesus Christ ?

(Lesson V.—John xxi., 15-22.

Why did our Lord need to ask Peter whether he loved him ? Why three times ?
What did Peter answer ?
If we love any one are we anxious to do something for them ?
What did Jesus tell Peter to do for him ?
Who are the lambs and the sheep ? Who is the Great Shepherd ?

(Lesson VI.—Matthew xxviii., 16-20.)

What were the last words of our Lord before he finally ascended into heaven ?
What is every Christian commanded to do ?
Who has all power in heaven and in earth ?
Is Jesus always with those that love him ?
What are you doing to help spread the Gospel ?

(Lesson VII.—Luke xxiv., 44-53; Acts i., 1-11.)

What did Jesus tell his disciples to wait for ?
What power were they to receive ?
How far were they to carry the Gospel ?
Can we have this same power ?
How did Jesus ascend into heaven ?
How will he come again ?
Are you ready for his coming ?

(Lesson VIII., Acts xi., 1-11.)

What happened on the day of Pentecost ?
How did everyone see that it was a wonderful gift of God ?

(Lesson IX.—Hebrews ix., 11-14; 24-28.)

Who is our great high priest ?
Can any man come between us and Jesus ?
For whom did Christ obtain eternal redemption ?
What only can cleanse our hearts and consciences ?
Is the Atonement of Christ sufficient to put away the sin of the whole world ?

(Lesson X.—Acts xxii., 6-16.)

Tell the story of Paul's conversion ?
Was he ashamed to tell what God had done for him ?
Is there any one too hard for the Lord Jesus to save ?
How should we treat our enemies ?

(Lesson XI.—Revelation i., 9-20.)

Did Jesus ever change ?
What did the Apostle John say that he looked like ?
To what seven churches was John told to write ?
What did Jesus say about life and death ?
Have we anything to fear from death ?

(Lesson XII.—Revelation xxi., 1-7, 22-27.)

What did John hear a great voice saying ?
What will the Holy City be like ?
Will there be any sorrow or death there?
Who will give the water of life to the thirsty ?
Who is the Light of the World ?
Who is the Light of heaven ?
Are the gates of heaven ever shut ?
What kind of person is not allowed to enter ?
Whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life ?

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 30.—Topic—Whatever: 'I will strive to do whatever he would like to have me do.'—John xv., 7-16; Matt. xxviii., 18-20.

Junior C. E. Topic.

DAILY PRAYER.

Mon., June 24.—Conversing with God.—I. Kings xix., 9-12.

Tues., June 25.—A Bible prayer.—I Kings viii., 22-26.

Wed., June 26.—Jesus prayed.—John xvii., 9-11.

Thu., June 27.—Helps to prayer.—Matt. vi., 6-9.

Fri., June 28.—Praying with the Spirit.—Eph. vi., 18.

Sat., June 29.—The example of Paul.—Acts ix., 10, 11.

Sun., June 30.—Topic—Pledge meeting. No. 3, 'I will pray every day.'—Ps. lv., 16, 17; I. Thess. v., 17, 18.

A church singing-school is a grand feeder for the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting. The boys and girls will go, and some of them will hang around the porch outside, and some of them inside will laugh and giggle, but never mind if they sing. Pick out the liveliest tunes to begin with, and, when they have swung a while, the transition is easy to the dear old favorites of the prayer-meeting.

Another thing, do not be in a hurry to turn out the gas and lock the door. Some boy who is full of music to the tips of his fingers, and has no instrument at home, may want to sit down and pick out a tune himself. Let him do it, and just tell him to close the piano, turn out the gas, and leave the key in its proper place, when he is through. Trust the boy, and he will show you that he can be trusted. Suppose it puts a few keys out of tune, you may gain the boy for a grand worker in Sunday-school and prayer-meeting by giving him that chance.

The First Temperance Advocate.

(Mr. Thomas Whittaker, J.P., was the first man in England to devote his whole life to the temperance cause.)

('Sunday Companion.')

It is hard to say who was the pioneer of temperance work in this country; but there is not the slightest difficulty in finding out who was the first man to give up the whole of his life on behalf of temperance.

That man—Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough—is alive to-day, and it is safe to say that there is not a healthier and

MR. THOMAS WHITTAKER, J.P., OF SCARBOROUGH, THE FIRST TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

more vigorous man of eighty-six in this country.

A representative of the 'Sunday Companion' called upon Mr. Whittaker at his home at Scarborough recently. The famous temperance veteran has a fund of wonderful experiences to relate, and now, in the evening of his days, he can look back upon the persecutions of the past with thankfulness for the victory the temperance cause has already achieved. Joseph Livesey, the leader of those famous pioneers, the Seven Men of Preston, was instrumental in winning over Mr. Whittaker to teetotalism. It is stated that Joseph Livesey prided himself on his discernment of a good man when he met with one, and it is certain that he never made a better choice than when he decided to make Mr. Whittaker the first official temperance advocate.

The post was a very difficult one to fill. Fifty years ago the man who was a teetotaller was looked upon as a man to be avoided, and it took many years to break down this prejudice and suspicion. But Mr. Whittaker's sensible and powerful advocacy had this effect, and after a few years there were so many demands for his services that, although speaking almost every day, he had to refuse scores of engagements.

Mr. Whittaker relates with pride that he took part in the first temperance procession. He was speaking at an open-air meeting, when a big, drunken man came shouting along the street, and Mr. Whittaker feared he would break up the meeting. But the man joined the crowd and held his tongue, and at the close of the meeting insisted upon signing the pledge.

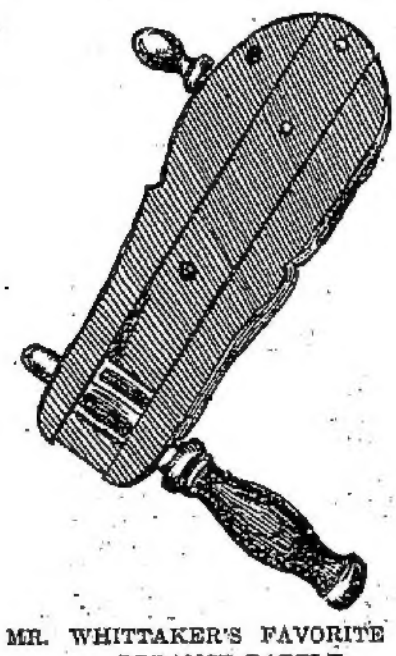
Mr. Whittaker hesitated, as he thought the man was joking, but the drunkard replied: 'If I had heard you twenty years ago I should now have been a rich man.' After signing the pledge, he made Mr. Whittaker go home with him arm-in-arm, and thus the advocate and the reformed drunk-

ard formed the first temperance procession ever organized.

The 'rattle' shown on this page is Mr. Whittaker's most treasured possession. It has a remarkable history. On several occasions the town-criers refused to proclaim Mr. Whittaker's meeting—generally the only means of advertising in those days—and at times the publicans made the criers drunk, so that their proclamation of a temperance meeting was not altogether creditable.

This problem was mentioned to a drunkard who had signed the pledge at one of Mr. Whittaker's meetings, and the man in question made the rattle shown in our illustration, and helped Mr. Whittaker to get a good meeting in a neighboring town by its means. The unusual noise created a great sensation, and the folks turned out in hundreds to hear the temperance message.

At the close of the meeting the reformed drunkard handed over the rattle to Mr. Whittaker, and said: 'There you are, Mr. Whittaker; you can be quite independent of



MR. WHITTAKER'S FAVORITE TEMPERANCE RATTLE.

the town-criers now.' The rattle proved a good friend, and by its means Mr. Whittaker has been enabled to hold hundreds of meetings which he would not otherwise have been able to do.

It is rather difficult to understand that a great deal of the opposition met with by Mr. Whittaker was received at the hands of clergymen and ministers. Of course the Churches do not oppose temperance to-day; but some idea of the old state of affairs will be gathered from the fact that on one occasion, when speaking at Lancaster outside an hotel, a clergyman sent out a man to offer Mr. Whittaker a jug of beer in the midst of his temperance speech, and upon his indignant refusal the beer was thrown in his face.

At Cockermouth Mr. Whittaker actually dislocated his shoulder while speaking. It had been dislocated before, but still there are few speakers who in their enthusiasm have so exerted themselves that they have dislocated their shoulders.

But the last twenty years honors have been showered upon Mr. Whittaker by the temperance world. He is looked upon as the grand old man of temperance, and the town of Scarborough honored both Mr. Whittaker and itself by making him Mayor of Scarborough some time ago. This is in striking contrast to the treatment he received on one occasion, when he was burned in effigy. His time for work is now over, but his heart is gladdened by the fact that his son, Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P., is following in his footsteps.

Strong Medical Testimony.

At a temperance meeting at Biggleswade, Dr. Gray, of Newmarket, gave an address in which he said:—'Twenty years ago doctors considered alcohol necessary, now they rarely used it, some not at all. He had pledged himself years ago, both for his own sake and for the sake of others. He said strong drink was not a diet, does not build up and could not make either blood, bone or muscle. There was no nourishment in it, and it cannot help us to do our work. It ought not to be given to children, and he had not used it for eighteen years in the workhouse of which he was a doctor. The statistics of life insurance societies showed that the best lives were those of total abstainers. Water was the best drink And at a meeting held at Hampstead Dr. A. E. T. Longhurst stated that 'there was not one single tissue or organ in the body which was not damaged by the habitual use of alcohol.' He alluded to its use in medicine, and stated that if given it should be treated as any other poisonous drug. He spoke also to the effect of heredity when parents indulge in the habitual use of alcohol. In every case, he said, 'where there was drink there was danger.'—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Prospect avenue, Buffalo.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have a little sister, her name is Vera. I have a kitty, his name is Tommy. My grandpa is 82 years old. He lives in Canada. We have a nice flower garden. I have a nice dolly. My auntie is coming to see us this summer, and my grandpa. I am only six years old. I am in the second grade; my teacher's name is Miss Hanson.

AURELIA O. M.

Woodstock.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I like it very much. I have five brothers and three sisters. My father is a farmer. I have a little kitten. So has my sister. We have also a little dog; he is a funny little fellow. I go to school very nearly every day. We have a mile and a half to walk to school and our teacher's name is Mr. Beattie. I do not go to school in the winter, it is too cold. My other two sisters go to school.

LEAH J. P. (Aged 9.)

Otter Lake, Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from this part of the country I will try to give a description of where I live.

We live at the head of a small stream called the Picanock, which flows into the Gatineau river. It is a very pretty place in the summer time, and is entirely surrounded by bush. No sound of church bells breaks the stillness of the Sabbath morn. Not a sound is to be heard but the singing of birds and the twittering of squirrels and chipmunks. But we have a nuisance about six weeks in the summer months when the flies and mosquitoes are as numberless as the sands on the sea shore, and one has to oil their hands and faces in the daytime and keep a smudge (a kind of fire which only smokes) going at night. Of course it is rather disagreeable to have one's face all oil, also to be choking with smoke. But, then, one would rather bear anything rather than the bites of the wicked things.

In the winter there are loads of hay, oats, etc., passing on their way to the lumber camps. The way my sister and I get our schooling is this: We get a lady teacher to come and stay with us, generally from the city, as teachers are always glad to get to the country out of the heat of the city. They think it dreadful when they see us using oil on our faces, and try to keep away from both it and the flies as much as possible.

It is amusing to hear them comparing notes as to who killed the most mosquitoes. One may hear them exclaim, 'Why, I actually killed four mosquitoes on my nose.'

I am twelve years old and take the 'Messenger' and think it a grand little paper for both old and young. I have a lovely gray cat with a white breast; he can open a door like any boy or man. We had two nice dogs, but they wandered away some time ago, because they were very fond of hunting deer and either got lost or poisoned.

The woods are beautiful and fragrant with flowers now. I just wish you could see them.

ALICE M. S.

[What a nice letter you can write, Alice. —Ed.]

Souris.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read the letters. I live on a farm two miles and a half from school. I like my teacher. I am in the third book. I am ten years old. My birthday is on Aug. 19.

MABLE B. B.

Hamilton.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence best of all. I will be ten years old on Feb. 18. I go to school and like it very much. I have pets, but I have no brothers and I have one sister.

HAROLD F.

Hepworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm not very far from the town of Hepworth. We just moved to these parts two years ago, and we like it fine. This is a lovely spring—lots of flowers. The men that were drilling for oil here have struck gas. The pressure is four hundred and forty pounds to the square inch. We go to the English Church, but I always go to the Methodist Sunday-school, I like our teacher so much. She likes us to go regularly. I haven't missed one Sunday this year. We have the largest class in the Sunday-school, and whoever learns the most verses gets a present from our teacher. She had a party for her class last summer at her home, and we all had our pictures taken. We like the 'Northern Messenger' so much. I like to read the Correspondence, and the stories are so interesting. MAGGIE A. W. (Aged 12.)

Windermere, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My mother takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I live in the beautiful Annapolis valley, two and one-half miles from the town of Berwick. There is an old lady living near who is quite an invalid. I take the 'Messenger' and read it to her. She enjoys it very much. I wonder who has a birthday on the same day as mine, Oct. 11. I have a pair of bantams and four bantam chickens.

STELLA. (Aged 13.)

Springfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I belong to England. I have been here about two years. I go to school in the winter. I can skate and coast down the hill. In the summer time I can swim and ride horseback. I have two pets that I like, a cat named Pinky and a dog named Rowdy. I like your paper very much. It was a Christmas present to me.

GEORGE B.

North Bedeque, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I got papa to take the 'Messenger' for me. I like it very much, and so does mama. Papa is a minister. The schoolhouse is about a quarter of a mile from here, and the post-office half a mile. We live about a mile from the shore. In the summer we go down there to bathe. I am in the sixth book and I expect to try the examinations for the Prince of Wales College next year. This year two of my dearest friends died, and I hardly know what to do without them. I have four brothers and three sisters. My brother has a great big black and white cat; it is so big that lots of people say that it is the biggest cat they have ever seen. I was fourteen on May 11.

LOU. A.

Agricola, Alta.

Dear Editor,—Would you please put my address in your paper, as I see there are several who would like to write to me and send me reading, and you would greatly oblige a little invalid girl.

Yours respectfully,
LITTLE LOTTIE. (Aged 10.)

My full address is:
Miss Lottie Bell Thompson,
Agricola, North Alberta.
Canada.

NOTE.

Somebody who forgot to sign a name wrote from Lakeville, N.S., requesting us to send 45 'Messengers' to that district. We shall be very happy to do this when we receive the address and remittance.—Ed.

HOUSEHOLD.

Amusements for Children

(By Elsie Duncan Yale.)

'No dear, don't do that!'

'Oh, you mustn't take mamma's thread and get it all tangled!'

'Dearie, please don't pull at the lace curtains!'

'Oh, don't put buttons in your mouth, you might swallow them.'

And so the child early grows to think that this is indeed a world of 'don'ts' and 'mustn'ts,' where the only desirable things are the forbidden ones.

How much of the so-called mischief of children, is merely the pent up energy, seeking a vent, and the problem which confronts the mother, is how to direct this superabundant vitality into safe channels. Most children are naturally active, and this activity must take one form or another. How can it best be utilized? A wise mother will avoid the use of the word 'don't,' as far as possible, for it is a disagreeable little word, and its constant use is galling and chafing. She will try to find some other means of expression, even if circumlocution is involved, and if the little one is doing something not permissible, set him at something else, instead of being content with the mere admonition 'Don't do that!'

Our modern shops provide toys for children in bewildering profusion, but it is to be questioned whether the younger generation take any more pleasure in their miniature automobiles and talking dolls, than did their grandmothers with their rag babies and corncob blocks, for as a rule the simpler the toy, the more it is enjoyed. One principle must be borne in mind, that a great deal can be taught a child through its play, for play is to a child what work is to its elders. The boy with artistic tendencies will get not only pleasure but profit from a box of paints or crayons, especially if an interest is taken in his crude efforts, and they are encouraged by kindly criticism. The little girl who learns to make her doll's clothes neatly will grow into a deft-fingered young woman and to whom a wardrobe of goodly size is a possibility, since in these days of low-priced fabrics, it is the dressmaker's bill which is the bete noir of the well-dressed woman. Much can be learned of housewifery, with the aid of the toy utensils now found in the stores, and the child will take great pleasure and pride in playing at housekeeping. With the tiny laundry sets, dolly's clothes can be washed and ironed, and a long suffering mother will allow cooking upon one of the toy iron stoves, under her supervision, of course. A little sweeper and broom will help to keep the nursery in order, inculcating, at the same time, a lesson of neatness.

Blocks are a never failing source of amusement, and what child has not revelled in castles and towers? Stringing colored beads is a good occupation for a rainy day, and so is cutting paper dolls, with blunt pointed scissors. A jar of library paste, and some sheets of colored paper will serve as materials for whole wardrobes for the paper ladies; while also teaching little fingers to work deftly and neatly. Every boy should possess a tool-chest, and it is by no means an unfeminine accomplishment to be able to do a little amateur carpentering. The little girl is rare who does not love a doll, whether it be the forlorn little rag-baby of the tenement child, or the latest importation from Paris which can walk and talk. The motherly instinct is there, and a mother can teach her little daughter the proper care of her doll. Dolly's bed can be neatly made every morning and dolly herself dressed. Her clothes can be laundered, and the little mother can learn to do them as well as her own are done. Perhaps she wants to play that the doll is sick. Then the wise mother will lay down her sewing long enough to show her how to set a tray daintily for the invalid, arranging it with as much care as a 'grown up's.'

These are merely a few suggestions which can be easily enlarged upon by a mother who has inventive genius, and she can count the time which is given to the little ones well spent To take an interest in the children's play, to be with them, guiding and restraining, to give constant thought and care to their welfare may involve self-denial and sacrifice on the mother's part; but the self-denial and sacrifice are abundantly rewarded by the love of the children for 'the best mamma in the world.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Practical Kitchen Conveniences.

The kitchen is the workshop of the cook. The needs of this department are of the greatest importance. If the kitchen is not a comfortable place, its mistress cannot do her best to maintain good health in the household. 'Comfort will give health to the body and peace to the mind.'

All sanitary principles must be strictly regarded.

The walls should be of a light color, or at least a cheerful one is essential. Large windows are desirable.

Fresh air, plenty of daylight and sunshine, should be the rule in a well-regulated kitchen, and absolute cleanliness strenuously insisted upon.

Windows that can be easily lowered from the top are a necessity—hot air always rises. Also provide shades on spring rollers.

When ample closet space is not furnished the want may be supplied by excellent movable closets. These have a large closet with either glass or wooden doors, as preferred; beneath this a smaller closet and two drawers. The sides of the lower part have wire screens for ventilation. A hard wood table is a wise convenience. A model pastry table has a marble top, with drawers beneath.

A draining board attached to a sink is of great value.

A neat, well-trimmed lamp is one of the most useful of kitchen furnishings. The light is soft, restful in color and steady, is excellent to work by, will give more comfort at less expense than gas. A side lamp is desirable.

Other ideas include a reliable clock, a covered match safe, a holder for burnt matches, a pair of shears.

Sapollo is successfully used in scouring tin agate dishes and steel knives.

Very practical is a small sieve soap shaker, designed to hold pieces of soap—one dime. Small scrubbing brushes (five cents) are desirable for the sink. A sink drainer is valuable.

Square stove cloths of gingham or ticking are preferable to the old-fashionel holders.

Have all groceries distinctly labelled and a place for each.

Buy substantial articles. A novel tea-kettle is low and very broad—object, heats the water more rapidly than the ordinary tea-kettle. Lightweight agate kettles in various sizes and styles are a blessing.

A floor covering of linoleum adds to the comfort of the room, and also lightens the labor of the housemaid.

Chairs that are high enough to enable the occupant to work easily at the table can now be purchased. A small rug and an easy chair are restful.

The meat chopper is a very useful invention. An excellent utensil is an egg poacher, which has six cups that are removable. A roll pan is divided into separate compartments for each roll. A frying basket to fry doughnuts is useful. A glass-handled measuring cup marked one side into thirds, on the other into fourths, costs five cents, and is a good investment.—American Paper.

Creamed Ham on Toast.

Chop the remnants of cold boiled ham very fine; make a thin white sauce with one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and one cupful of milk, salt and pepper for seasoning; add the ham to this and pour it over buttered toast.

A bit of carefulness which a patient learned from a massagist is that of the burning for a second with a match of the needle whose point is for any purpose to be put into the flesh. After the black has been wiped away, it is impossible that anything harmful can be lurking on the steel. For the opening of any sore, however insignificant it seems, it is never well to use a pin.

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